EDGEFIELD, S. C., APRIL 10, 1851.

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DULL CARES. Why should we at our lots repine, Or grieve at our distress? Some think if they should riches gain, They'd gain true happiness; Alas, how vain is all treir gain, Since life will soon decay-And since we're here with friends so dear Let's drive dull cares away.

Why should the rich despise the poor? Why should the poor repine? A little time will make us all In equal friendship join : We're much to blame-we're all the same Alike we're made of clay-And since we're here with friends so dear, Let's drive dull cares away.

The only circumstance in life. That ever I could find, To soften care and temper mirth, Is sweet content of mind: With such a store we have much more Than e'er we can convey; And since we'er here with friends so dear Let's drive dull cares away.

Nor render it a curse ; But take it as you would a wife, For better or for worse : Life at the best is but a jest, A dreary winter's day, And since we're here with friends so dear Let's drive dull cares away.

Let's make the best we can of life.

When age, old age, comes creeping on, And we are young no more, Let's not repine at what we've done, Nor think our pleasure o'er : But cheerfully, as formerly, Be innocently gay-

And since we'er here with friends so dear, Let's drive dull cares away.

The Midnight Assassin.

A TRUE STORY. I was on my way to Pof 1840, it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N-......

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would be mare a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter .- Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting-room, where sat a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor in-clined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for

"We are not," she replied, " well guarded, 'tis true, but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what

cause I cannot imagine." The evening passed delightfully away my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was 11 o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve, every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleepstrong visions floated across my brain and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in an agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one-its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise following, as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and

then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pisto! and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements, seeming mysterious or suspicious, the sound of the steps stopped at my door-then followed as of one applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, my pistol firmly grasped,—net a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect his purpose.

The person now slowly passed, and I as cautiously upproached the door of my

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of the sound, for as I

heard his hand grasp the latch of one | reply, "it isn't sweet; it's only me." door, mine seized the other-deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and awaited the repetition: it came not-all was still-he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly -I also opened mine, at the very mo-

lighted chamber of the young lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible, save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and, gracious heaven! a negro, for at that moment a tall, fierce-looking black rascal approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented-at least, that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes too, cracking, as I made a

bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire-fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper, she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up

The first thing that presented itself to her view, was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand. "Oh! do not murder me!-take all-

you cannot-will not kill me, sir." The servants now rushed in-all was explained - The wretch turned out to be

a vaga I had the provident. rescuing one from the worst o. in after years called me husband, and lated to our children her miraculous es- less cape from the bold attack of a MIDNIGHT

Keep away from Temptation.

The only safe course for a young man, rect principles, is to keep away from temptation. He may have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors. Her temptation was too strong for them to resist.

They partook of the fatal glasssnatched the gilded treasure, or give themselves up to uncleanliness. None are secure who run in the way

of sin; who see how near they can venture on the threshhold of vice, without entangling their feet in the net of the ad-

Have you never heard the story of a gentleman who advertised for a coachman? If not we will repeat it. Three applicants were admitted to his room.-He pointed out to them a precipice, remarking, 'How near the edge of this can you drive me, without any danger of an

The first applicant replied, 'within a hair's breadth.'

'How near can you drive me?' inquired the gentleman of a second applicant. 'Within a hair's breadth,' he replied.

As the third was about leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him. 'Let me hear, what you have to say,'

'Why, sir, I cannot compete with eith-

er of these-if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could. 'You are the man for me,' said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately.

In regard to vice, he is only safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near are often upset and destroyed. We can point to individuals who are lost to virtue, who, when they took the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, which urged them on only for once, but it proved their de-

Ye who are now safe, whose hearts are uncontaminated, listen to the voice of wisdom, and go not where there are strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gaming table, the grog shops and the midnight party. 'Keep as far off as possible,' and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.

ONLY ME.-We copy the following pretty scrap from the last number of the Lady's Book where it serves as an introduction to some stanzas:

A lady had two children; both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet.-Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while 'sweet,' the pet name of the younger, received every attention that affection could bestow.-One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were in-

stantly with the favorite. "Is that you sweet?" she inquired.

The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour, "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

A Bachelor's Reverie.

"Another button off my shirt, this frosty morning, and these pants, with a slit at ment I stepped into the entry, I caught the pockets, and wanting to be slightly the glimpse of a tall man enterring the turned at the bottom, I wonder what it would cost to support a wife? How handy she would be, to do odd jobs; that approached the chamber; through the old seamtress I employ, is always engaged, and forever has the same tune, Mr. Lightfoot, you must wait; these bachelors like yourself ought to get married;" and she ends with the poser, "but gals aint good for nothing in those days."

"I do wish I knew what was for the best. If I could get a wife who would fill her station like Lockharts', I should be willing to go head and ears into the connubial state-but there are no such women now; and who wants a simpering, tittering girl, with a flaring bonnet, dressed like a doll, and only fit to walk out and show herself.

I wonder how Brigg's sister would do? Or the Guy's? They seem like the right sort—old Madam Briggs is a charming woman herself. Bless me, how my mouth waters for those fritters I ate there the other night; but when I asked Abigail how they were made, she turned up her nose and replied, "I don't trouble the kitchen, Hr. Lightfoot!" evidently feeling it would be disgraceful to know how to work; well--she cut her own fingers by the means. I don't want to hear her warble and thrill, and tuen her eyes upwards and scream like a magpie, when know she is good for nothing else. A

bachelor don't live on music. Well, there is Sally Guy: the can darn a stocking, r ling, and clear. .t.

Getting into Bed with a Corpse.

A few months since, a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident from his appearance and actions that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day. The landlord was a lazy, goodnatured soul, and had imbibed rather freely that day himself.

"If I give you a light and tell you where the room is, you can find the place," says the landlord.

"Och, an' it's meself that can do that most illegantly. Jist show me the way, and I'll find it azy," rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given him, and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house .-By the time he had reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he had to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitered the inside of the room, and found it to contain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling dis-inclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing and quietly crept into the back part of the bed. He had been in bed but a few minutes, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room.

The Irishman eyes them closely .-They seated themselves on chairs in close primity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arms around her waist in a cousinly manner, and impressed a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was a witchery hich demanded a repetition. The

the Irishman vastly, and bechness, he concluded more and

minded, but fear. Let sobriety check your rash presumption. Let wisdom be the offspring of reflection now, rather than the fruit of bitter experience hereafter .-Dr. Blair.

A Hint to Story Tellers.

WE know several individuals, not a hundred miles off, who tell admirable jokes in admirable style; but are unfortunately addicted to repeating them on any and every occasion, without proper consideration as to their applicability to the immediate subject of conversation. It frequently amounts to an absolute digression, and they are sometimes reduced to the awkard predicament of having to explain the point of analogy after the laughing part has been passed. Even then it is but dimly perceived. A good joke, that it may continue to be a good joke, should come "like angels' visits," at long intertervals, and should always be an exact "case in point." The following extract administers to humourists some wholesome advice.

A story-teller is the most agreeable, or the most disagreeable character we can meet with. A story, which is designed to entertain a polite company, should always be short, and, with a mixture of wit and humour, be told in good language. King Charles II., who had most excellent parts, had likewise a most agreeable manner of telling his stories. And Sheffield Duke of Buckinham, informs us, that the same story which he had heard from the king five or six times, he always heard with pleasure, as it was always embellished with some new circumstances. This was a happy talent, owing to a quick fancy and a lively imagination; for a frequent repetition of the same tale to the same persons, which at first was very enbyment of tertaining, becomes at length insipid, and

THE Turks exemplify this, their cherished doctrine, in all their habits and actions. MAHOMET owed much of the invincibility of his soldiers to his constant inculcation of the belief, that every man had a day fixed by Allah upon which he must die, and that neither disease nor weapons of war could terminate that existence, until this appointed day had come. With his followers, this was ever an active faith that led to practical results. There are Predestinarians of our day, restored to quietude.

In the late controversy between the two shocks of life, by a similar creed; and so far, it doubtless answers a happy purpose. When applied however to the every day concerns of men, its rationality becomes very questionable. Witness its working in the following description of the behaviour of

TURKS AT A FIRE.

I was not long at Constantinople, (says De Vere in his Sketches of Travels,) be fore I came in for what is of frequent occurrence there, namely, a fire. Indeed, I believe, that as a storm is said to be always going on in some part of the sea, so a conflagration, larger or smaller is always raging, in some part of the narrow wooden streets of Stamboul. The people have but 'ew public amusements, and this is considered one of the best, if I may judge by the demeanor of the crowds whose singular bearing was to me more ter classes are allowed to come into the State whose singular bearing was to me more interesting than the spectacle I witnessed in common with them. At first I knew not what it meant. I had observed vast multitudes were moving towards the court of one of their mosques, and stationing themselves as soon as they had reached the common with the state and \$10 at any camp or out-door meeting, except in connection with white people. There is a penalty also of \$200 against any commander of a stambout for knowingly. of one of their mosques, and stationing themselves, as soon as they had reached it, on the steps, balustrades, and every spot whence a view was commanded.

Joining their company, I discovered the sessembly in a whole street gaged in the

South Carolina. - We are often astonish ed and shocked at the abuse heaped upon this noble State by a venal Northern press. The history of South Carolina is one of which any State might well be proud. There is no sacrifice she has not made for the true inno sacrifice she has not make for the true in-terests of the country; no wer in which we have been engaged that her aid has not been liberally extended. But if we are shocked at the vituperation of the Northern press; what shall we say of those papers in the South who delight in a ping the cant of their filthy allies; particularly those who deprecate agitation, and who appear anxious, if we could believe them, to see the country again

sections of the Union, South Carolina, said, perhaps, as little as any other State. She took no positions; she made no demands except such as were strictly in accordance with our true interests and honor. It comes with an exceedingly bad grace from those who have proved treacherous or werts to speak in terms of contempt of a people whose gallant bearing is contemporaneous with their earliest ancestry, and who have never permitted selfish consideration to diverge never permitted selfish consideration to deter-them from pursuing their honest, patriptic convictions.—Texas Rep.

THE FREE NEGRO law passed by the Delaware legislature makes any free negro or mo-latto coming into that State from another, subject to a fine of \$50, and in case of the nonpayment and failure of security to leave in five days, he or she is to be sold out of the State for such amount as will cover the finance course. These penalties also stand against any free colored person who has left the State for 60 days, and should return again, except they left as servants or seamen, or are traders from Maryland. Those in these laters also seems to the season of the season of

and from which at the very memont fee, and fatched penetrating seasons

cess, and we cles according to a recen has put them together, and beat and ban-

excellent luck with your cake-or your pastry is as light as a bun;' but Mrs. Frost says there is so much deception in these people, she never will tell them anything is good.

I believe I've had deuced poor luck with women-once I used to spend my Sunday evenings at Fry's and Pauline was a smart girl; but la me, she wanted a man covered with hair-he must have a shoebrush under his chin, and huge whiskers, and a vile mustache, because it gave one a 'foreign appearance;' and such sentiments turned my head against

I don't wonder people fail who marry now-a-days. How can a poor professional man, or a fellow with all his means in his stock in trade, afford to live at the rate of two thousand a year? and they tell me this sum is considered cheap, including dress and other minutæs. It wont do for me any how-my five dollar bills are too scarce; and then others say, Mr. Lightfoot marry a girl who has money.

I've seen how this works-to be told every time a woman gets irritated, I bought them things, or I own this house, would never do for one of my temperament. And then these rich old fathers are often a horrible bore, pimping into one's business, and making wills with life leases, or putting in trust for my daughter's benefit, as if the husband were a perfect non compos mentis. I've drafted enough such instruments for other people; don't think I shall trouble any body

to do a like service on my account. If I should marry a young girl, she will want to go to a concert every night in the week, or a fancy ball, or a tableaux party. It is the rarest thing in the world to see a man of age seated in an armchair taking comfort at home a long evening. The new wife always, says "husband, don't you want to see the new play? or go to hear the divine songstress, or the fashionable singer, who has just arrived?" and if I should say as I felt, "no. hang the folderol plays and songs," ten chances to one the little beauty would pout, or cry, or tell ma' that Mr. Lightoot is a real old bachelor still, and then such a curtain lecture would follow. I'm better off as I am-now I can scold my andlady, tease her daughters, show attention to the girls, and get invited every-where, and most of the folks like me, and who knows how often they remind the girls if they could catch such a man as Lightfoot, they would not object to their marrying. So Ma'am Dodge you must do my repairing a little longer."

A QUESTION for the Spike Society, would the devil beat his wife if he had one!-Yankee Blade. the devil."-Boston Post.

"Is that you sweet?" she inquired. Boston, is a sign reading thus: "Cam-you to repose; but the slumber upon it is gree qualified to discharge the duties of death. In such a situation, be not high the home work of education.

man were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent on making him their prey, and the whole three went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first. The landlord stood aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-room, with nothing on between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye-balls ready to leap from the sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again. When the young lady and gentleman found it was not the corpse that had so unceremoniously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room, (they being the watchers for the night,) and, doubtless, commenced their courting at the point where it was so suddenly broken off.

Advice to the Young.

This admonition I particularly direct to those who are in a period of life too often characterised by forward presumption and headlong pursuit. The self-conceit of the young, is a great source of those dangers to which they are exposed; and it is peculiarly unfortunate, that the age which stands most in need of the counsel of the wise, should be most prone to contemn it. Confident in the opinions which they adopt, and in the measures which they pursue, they seem as if they understood Solomon to say, not, Who knoweth? but, Who is ignorant of what s good for man all the days of his life? The bliss to be aimed at, is, in their opinion, fully apparent. It is not the danger of mistake, but the failure of success. which they dread. Activity to seize, not sagacity to discern, is the only requisite which they value. How long shall it be, ere the fate of your predecessors in the same course teaches your wisdom? How long shall the experience of all ages continue to lift its voice to you in vain? Beholding the ocean on which you are embarked covered with wrecks, are not those fatal signals sufficient to admonish you of the hidden rock? If, in paradise itself, there was a tree which bore fruit fair to the eye, but mortal in its effects, how much more, in this fallen state, may such deceiving appearances be expected to abound! The whole state of nature is now become a scene of delusion to the sensual mind. Hardly anything is what it appears to be. And what flatters most. is always fartherest from reality. There "Guess not-for women generally beat are voices which sing around you; but whose strains allure to ruin. There is a banquet spread, where poison is in eve-In a shop window, at the north part of ry dish. There is a couch which invites

ordinary stamp in regard to personal courage and spirit. Their very natures seem imbued with the greatness and the pride of the created things that God has placed around them. When I first went there, I was made acquainted with as fine a specimen of women-of Arkansas women-as you ever saw. I came, I saw, I loved her, and once thought I had "conquered" her. My visits were frequent to her, and generally up to a pretty late hour of the night. Her mother-as fine a lady as you could wish, but rather large in dimensions-slept in an adjoining room, the evening to which I wish to refer (especially.) Log cabins are not closely built and sounds can be easily distinguished from one room to another. Betty, for that was the name of my sweetheart, had reciprocated my ideas on certain points, to my content, and I had resolved to start home. Taking out my watch, I expressed surprise, (as I always did,) at the lateness of the hour. She said she knew it must be late from the sounds.

"Sounds?" said I, listening attentively, but hearing nothing that interpreted her meaning. "Sounds, I don't hear any." Again I listened, but without suc-

"Why, Mark," said she, "don't vou hear, Ma snore?" and her face colored twixt anger and pride, at what she deem-

ed my jesting. "Is that your mother snoring?" exclaimed I in utter astonishment. " swear I have been all this time thinking t was the puffs from an up river boat and wondered what the deuce made it so long coiming round the bend! Your mother!" I was going to say more, but I didn't stranger, for as true as gospel,

there was Bet making right at me, with her fist ready for the attack. I ain't no coward, but I cannot fight women, so l continently sloped. I never have forgotten Betty, and I love her yet, but I darsn't go nigh her since that unfortunate night. EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.-When

lived among the Choctaw Indians I held a consultation with one of their principle chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life; among others things, he informed me at their first start they fell into a great mistake-they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneduented and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, that the children all like the mother; and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they would educate their sons." This is the point and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilzed and enlightened. when the mothers are not, to a good de-

them, as soon as they sit down, the mother of sally dear, you have had man were making rapid strides towards have remarked the women are not of the laready brought from the neighboring further accident or bre houses, and placed wherever room could be found. On these comfortable seats, the multitude had established themselves the men on one, sedately smoking, the women on another, now looking on and now playing with their children. In a moment refreshments of all sorts were provided, sweat-meats, confectionery and sherbet, by a number of rival purveyors who advanced with unalarmed alacrity amid the smoke and falling sparks plainly considering the scene of destruction, a sort of benefit, got up for their especial behoof, and unceremoniously bowing to one side the police, who rushed with pails of water in their hands, to the rescue of the burning houses.

In a few moments more the flames burst out with a loud crash, mounting high into the heavens, and flinging an exciting and pleasurable heat into the face of the crowds who without moving their pipes (epcept to drink) gazed with silent but impassioned interest on a scene, which, to them, was no more a matter of surprise, than a street preacher would have been in Edinburg, a Fusjane at Rome, or Punchinelo at Naples. Among the calm crowd of spectators were the proprietors of the barning houses, smoking and drinking, like their neighbors, and well assured that their loss had been determined by Allah long before the pronhet was born.

WE publish the following marriage notice, as a curiosity, which we find in the Watab Reville. The Editor participated in the feast on this occasion and was presented with the hind quarter of a fine dog. "Married on the 13th instant, at Watab city, Maw-kee-kokee-waw-haw-dauch hew, esq. to Miss Wee-hunkaw, daughter of Maw-kee-koo-shay-naw-zhee-kaw, all

of Wanatah county, Minnesota." THE BEST OF ALL LAW BOOKS .- We find there has recently been advertised a Law Book under the promising title of Broom's Practice. This is just what is wanted in the law; the Broom happens to be a good one, for little practice with such an implement may have the effect of operating a sweeping reform.

THE man who never told and editor

rich (Peter Parley) has been confirmed as Consul at Paris, vice Robert Walsh, resigned. This new appointment takes effect on the 1st. of April.

JENNY LIND AND BARNUM.-A French

augurs favorably for the future.—Charleston

tions frenks of what may be regarded by

THE TRUTH IN A NUT SHELL .- The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian speaks a deal of truth in this little paragraph:
"Talk of the settlement of the slave question! The idea is absurd. It will never be settled as long as a demagogue can ride into office through its agitation. If the South were to tie its hands and seal its lips, make no resistance to anti-slavery preachers and nigger-stealers, and make no attempt to reclaim their property when robbed of it, the agitators of the North-the Greelys and Garrisons and Abby Kellys would not be satisfied. Then they would go in strongest for arming the slave for assassination."

COPPER-FACED TYPE .- Several public journals in New York and Beston have made their appearance in a new dress, being printed on a type faced with copper, which is thus described by the New York Courier and Enquirer one of the papers which has adopt

"This type has been submitted to the pro-cess recently invented, by which it receives a copper face. The attempts which have made to substitute a harder metal for the ordinary type metal, have hitherto been failures. But he method by which this type has been hardened has been so far tested as to induce us to venture upon experiment with our present font, probably the largest ever cast country, and we have reason to think that it will not disappoint our expectations; but of that we shall have more to say hereafter."

FIRST CARGO DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO. The brig Gen. Pinckney, Capt. Cooke, arrived at Baltimore on Saturday, direct from San Francisco, in 121 days. She brings a full cargo of hides, horns and merchandise This is said to be the first cargo received direct from that port at any Atlantic port since California has been attached to the United States. The Gen. P. sailed from Baltimore for Sacramento City on the 25th March, 1850, and has therefore been absent ten days less than one year.—Charleston Courier.

A TRAVELLER in America records the fol-

owing anecdote:—
"I heard a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man by way of proving how cold it was, said—" Why I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down most three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but ice-cream ever since."

THE man who never told and editor he could better his paper, has gone to Schenectady to marry a woman that never looked into a looking-glass. Their children will not live

Consult to Paris.—Samual G. Good-

Rosin in Lamp Oits,-The addition of a small quantity of rosin to lamp oils greatly increases their illuminating power, and ren-ders them less liable to congulate. The fact is stated on the authority of "Appleton's Mechanics' Mamzine."

THE SCIENTIFIC A ERICAN Soys that a man paper in New Orleans, L'Entracte, says that after Jenny Lind has concluded her American engagement with Barnum, she is going to engage him and exhibit him in other the stairs wouldn't hold still.